

seawater

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seawater

by [hajne](#)

Summary

Dylan's about to drown in his own tears.
Eric might want to save him.
Might.

! READ THE TAGS !

Notes

This fiction contains and (in a way) fetishizes mental illness, self-harm, and suicidal thoughts. If that or any of the tags (or the fandom itself) makes you uncomfortable, please, leave.

Although this fic shares themes with my other work, 'The Twelfth Depressioneer', it's not a sequel or anything. I just can't stop writing about those things.

I neither condone criminal acts nor am I downplaying the seriousness of mental health issues. I use this as a safe place to explore my fantasies which are heavily influenced by my own life-long mental health struggle. Reading similar stuff written by others has always been cathartic to me.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

It was almost midnight when the phone rang.

“Hi, it’s me... C-Could... Could you...”

“Dylan?” Eric rubbed his eyes.

“Could you... ,” a muffled sob, “...please.”

“Are you crying?”

“N-no!” *Lie.* “Could you just... come over?”

“Sorry man, Kevin’s got my car. Are you alright?”

The phone stuck to his ear. It was too hot for an August night.

“I need you.”

“Uh, okay? So... why don’t you come over here, then?”

“I... I can’t...”

“What do you mean you *can’t*? Are you drunk?”

“No! It’s just...” Silence. “Okay, I’ll... I’ll try.”

Dylan hung up first.

Eric sank into the couch and buried his head in his palms. Of course, Dylan had always been more or less in low spirits. Even when they were laughing their asses off, there was melancholy radiating from underneath his surface. Usually, he did a pretty decent job fighting it... until he couldn’t anymore. Then he fell to the very bottom on whichever hell he was forced to carry in his head, and Eric wasn’t sure if he could deal with that again.

Not after last time.

Movie night, just before Christmas.

Pretty uneventful, really, before Dylan started crying all of sudden.

The question why was left unanswered, he just kept stuttering out nonsense like ‘eternal suffering’ and ‘downward spiral’ between hiccups before he gave up on verbalizing his misery altogether, responding only with shakes of his head and louder whines. After an hour of Eric’s sincere yet clumsy attempts to console him, Dylan ended up curled up on the floor, reduced to a trembling, sobbing mess. Eric sat on the couch, drained, watching the bundle of nerves at his feet, and he felt like he had just run a marathon. No happy hormones, though. Numb, yet aching.

“Isn’t that weird...” Dylan’s voice suddenly cut into the silence, “how... how teardrops get into your ears... when you’re lying on your back? Huh?”

Eric's eyes widened. What? His first words after all that, and he says this? Is that even true? He never cried himself -

He almost choked when Dylan closed the distance between them and laid his burning face onto his knees, clutching his calves. "Dylan, what-"

"Could you kill me?"

The question punched Eric in the face like a huge chunk of ice. Dylan was so close, rubbing his tear-streaked cheek against his jeans, but his soft words were a waft from far away. From some distant, dreadful universe. "I can't do it myself," he pleaded in a small voice and looked up at him through a mist of tears as if he was his savior.

Eric didn't remember how had he managed to push him away and get up, nor how had his unsteady legs carried him to the bathroom. He closed the door, rested his forehead on the cool grey tiles, and closed his eyes, waiting. Waiting for the image Dylan had put into his brain to disappear.

Waiting for the world to be normal again.

When he finally came back, a bottle of vodka glistened in his hand. He put its neck between Dylan's lips and he obeyed and gulped, eyeing him the whole time. Then he lied back down, and his scar-covered arms embraced the pillow Eric had given him. Slowly, the sobs have stopped as the waves of his tears carried his consciousness away. There was a small, drowsy smile on his lips, and Eric wondered why did that suit him so well.

He finished the rest of the bottle, drinking until his brain was stupid and his eyelids heavy. When he woke up the next morning, the picture of Dylan still imprinted in his retinas and a hangover drilling his brain, Dylan was gone.

Neither of them mentioned it ever since.

Eric found himself staring on the very spot where Dylan had been lying on the basement floor that accursed night. He grabbed some magazine lying next to him just to focus on something else, but the words kept blending. *Maybe it's not that bad this time*, he reasoned. *He probably just heard some sentimental song or some other Dylan-like shit.*

Eric was reading the same paragraph for the fifth time when footsteps echoed on the stairs. His stomach tightened but the moment Dylan entered, he couldn't hold back a chuckle: he got no pants, just boxers, and a gray t-shirt. Which would be okay, Eric wasn't dressed any better, if it weren't for the bedsheet he was wearing over his shoulders. Like a cape.

"So... what's up with that superhero outfit?"

"Shut up." Dylan's voice was a croaky whisper. He dragged his bare feet toward the couch, eyes glued to the floor. Without a word, he curled up at the opposite end like a cat, covering even his head with the sheet.

Curled up already. Okay.

Eric tossed the magazine aside and watched the pile next to him for a while, listening to its shaky

breaths. He shuffled his feet, unsure what to do, but the noise it made was almost violent.

“Dylan.”

Nothing.

“Uhm... isn't it too hot in there?”

Some squirming and mumbling.

“Are you okay?”

A small, quivering sob.

“Sit up for fuck's sake!”

There was some groaning but Dylan eventually sat up, like a marionette pulled up by strings. The dim light revealed puffy eyes and reddened nose, as well as tears shimmering on his eyelashes and cheeks like small crystals. Dylan hastily wiped them away like he could erase them from history. Just how long had he been waiting before picking up the damn phone? He avoided Eric's gaze, picking threads from the corner of the sheet instead. His mouth opened, but instead of words, he drew in a hitched breath.

It was up to Eric, then. “Did something happen?”

Dylan's lower lip trembled with a threat of more sobs. He was fighting it, though. “Everything.”

“You'll have to be more specific.”

Still wrapped up in the sheet, he embraced his folded legs. “It's gonna be my birthday,” he muttered.

“No shit.” He chuckled. Dylan didn't. “Uhm... and that's a bad thing?”

Dylan bit his lower lip and looked up at the ceiling, blinking the tears away. He took a deep breath. “Last year...” he finally began, “last year, I t-told myself... I told myself that I would do something with my life. You know, like try not to be such a loser? I'm fucking sick of just surviving. And... and here I am, a year later, and- and-“ Dylan hiccuped, “- *and I'm still a piece of shit!*” He dropped his forehead onto his own knees and burst into tears, the mop of his hair covering his face.

Eric wanted to say something, anything, but no sound made it past his lips. Dylan's sobs had poisoned the air, and all he could do was watch those blond locks bounce a little with every shiver of his body, the knuckles of his hands turning white as he was gripping his long milky legs, the slim thighs barely covered with -

Eric squirmed. “You're not a loser. You're just...”

Dylan glanced up at him, tear-streaked. “Just *what?*”

Eric had to look away. “Just too hard on yourself! There's a lot you've done, like... you're better at math now, right? Or...”

“Math?” Dylan even stopped crying for a moment. “*Really?*”

“I don't know!” Eric might suck at this. “I mean - there's more, you just don't see it... like, you're

much more sure of yourself. When you told that fucker Matt to eat his mom's dick? That was brutal!"

"That's not what I m-meant..."

"Or... or when was the last time you were crying in the school bathroom? Huh? You used to do that all the time!"

"Yesterday," he mumbled.

Oh. Fuck. Eric imagined him sitting on a toilet lid, black clothes and white tiles, sobbing, tears soaking into his sleeve. How could he miss it? "Why?"

"I don't know, it just dawned on me... that no matter what I do, nothing will change. It's like I'm trapped... you don't understand," Dylan surrendered, shaking his head. He fetched a tissue out of somewhere and blew his nose.

"Uhm..." Eric rubbed his nape. He was right, he didn't understand. "Well, at least you stopped cutting yourself. Some people have to go to a nuthouse to quit that!"

Dylan didn't say anything. His lower lip started to tremble again.

"No. *Fuck* no. Don't tell me..."

A tear rolled down Dylan's cheek in silence.

"Show me your arm."

Dylan's left arm sheepishly peeked from under the sheet.

"The other one!"

Dylan didn't comply, so Eric groped for the right one himself. His fingers got sticky the moment he seized it. His forearm was covered with cuts, a few of which were still bleeding. Only now he noticed the grim stains on the pristine fabric.

"Fuck...", Eric exhaled. They were random, zigzag, he hadn't even managed to get them straight as he had used to. Only three were fresh, but one of them was pretty nasty. Next to them were many only slightly older wounds, and under those, he could still see the already pale ones from half a year ago, those that Dylan had promised they'd be the last ones.

Dylan didn't even try to wriggle his hand free, he was almost like a kid who needed his daddy to kiss his boo-boo. "I'm sorry-" Dylan whined.

"When... When did you..." Eric swallowed dryly. The contrast of Dylan's pale skin with the dark red lines almost burned his eyes, but he couldn't look away. They were glistening, screaming. *Begging*. His fingers squeezed the wrist lightly, and a bead of blood oozed from the nearest one. His thumb moved towards it, the tip almost dipping in it -

He dropped Dylan's wrist as if he had really gotten burned, and had to close his eyes for a moment.

Inhale, exhale.

"When did you start doing this shit again?"

"I - I don't know...", he sobbed and hiccuped before using the tissue once more.

“You don’t...” *He doesn't know.* “Did you even clean it? You’re gonna get a... you know... an infection.”

“I deserve it,” Dylan muttered.

That woke up Eric from his trance. “Stop that fucking whining right now!” Dylan jumped a little. “The only thing you deserve is a punch for all that crap you keep saying about yourself!” Or a slap. How badly did he want to smack those pretty pink... “C’mon, let’s clean it.” He stumbled to his feet, desperate for some distance between their bodies.

“I don’t wanna...” Dylan whined.

“I said let’s go you fucking baby!” Eric grabbed his upper arm, and leaving that ridiculous sheet behind, he dragged him to the bathroom. Dylan shuffled a step behind him like a moping kid.

The heavy humid air hit Eric the moment he opened the door: he’d forgotten to air out after taking a shower, and with all the fragrances and heat and dim light, it felt like entering a rain forest. It was melting his brain and turning his limbs into jelly. He let go of Dylan to open the window, but as he did so, Dylan nearly collapsed. Eric caught him at the last second and grunted when his backside got pressed against the counter as Dylan leaned on him.

“Shit, you okay?” Eric blurted out. “Wait, I’ll open the -“

“*Nhn...* Don’t go...” Dylan whimpered and wrapped those thin pale arms around Eric’s neck, burying his wet face in it.

His flushed chest was heaving against his, and those soft sobs and warm breaths filled Eric’s brain with a fog where no coherent thought could be conceived. Despite being taller, he seemed so stupidly small and vulnerable, so he held him, protected him, but Dylan’s scent was getting into his brain, it was shampoo and sweat and the blood oozing from his wrist on Eric’s neck, pain, yeah, he smelled like pain, but not *enough* -

Eric seated him on the rim of the bathtub before he’d do something he’d regret.

Dylan’s head hung low between his fragile shoulders. For a moment, he seemed to be frozen, captured in time, like a statue carved out from some fine, translucent material. “It’s all pointless,” the statue breathed, so quiet he wouldn’t hear it if their faces weren’t just inches apart. From underneath those dirty blond locks, a tear fell, making a dark dot on his boxers. Then there was another one, and Eric would swear the humid bathroom air now smelled like a summer rain when it soaked a dusty road.

Once again, Eric couldn’t find any words of consolation, but he realized he wasn’t looking for them anymore. He was savoring the sight, and the longer he watched him, the less sure he was he felt guilty. Although he had been trying to, he had never really been good at feeling guilt. That was Dylan’s specialty.

Dylan’s specialty was also to look like a lonely kid, waiting after school for a ride home but forgotten. Like a wounded animal, seeking shelter to die in. Like a flower, thrown into the water, slowly sinking.

Eric wanted to fuck him.

“Can you *not* fall inside?” he managed to say, his voice hoarse.

Dylan nodded.

Eric turned his back to him and finally opened the window. He closed his eyes as the breeze soothed his face. The outside air was just a little colder, but it reminded him of *that* night nevertheless, the night when cooling his forehead on the tiles had been the only thing keeping at least a part of his mind sane, and now, he was losing it once again. Fucking *losing it*.

He took a deep breath and turned around.

Dylan was still there, lips ajar, misty-eyed.

Despite the poor content of the first-aid kit, he found a small old bottle of disinfectant and some other things. He didn't know the exact procedure but it was pointless to ask Dylan. He squatted down in front of him and soaked the pad with the disinfectant, determined to clean the cuts as mechanically as possible, determined to take *care* of him, determined not to think about how his wrist trembled in his hand, how the vein pumped under his thumb, and how he wanted to bite it, bite deep, through the artery, suck his blood, spit it in Dylan's mouth, let him choke on it –

God.

Dylan hissed and knit his brows when Eric cleaned the first cut.

With the second, a small yelp hitched in his throat, and he pressed his thighs together.

Eric had been saving the ugliest, the *prettiest* one for last. With his heart beating in his ears, he pressed the pad down.

Dylan let out a pained whimper, but then he clenched his lips, holding his breath, letting the world *hurt* him, letting Eric hurt him -

And then, he let go. He exhaled through his lips, slowly, so slowly. He tilted his head slightly back, and a small moan escaped them like a butterfly.

“Good boy,” Eric whispered.

Like that, he had lost.

Eric was hardly aware of how he had bandaged it up. Barely finishing the knot, he was already taking Dylan's hand in his, and the poor thing didn't protest when he led him to the couch. It was like he didn't even realize what was happening, just kept starrng at the bandaged limb before he dropped onto the couch. Eric sat next to him, quietly, as if not to scare him away.

Dylan's glassy gaze was fixed somewhere on the far wall, his jaw slack, blond hair smashed against the headrest. *Angel, down we go together...*

“You still think about killing yourself, don't you,” Eric heard his own voice.

“Sometimes...” he sighed and closed his eyes, drifting away. “It's more like... daydreams. It calms me down... I know it sounds weird, but when I feel bad, it gives me hope that there's a way out if things got even worse.”

Eric leaned a little closer, inhaled, and his head spun. Dylan smelled differently when he was talking about suicide. Bittersweet and heady. *They say animals can smell when you're scared, can he too? And if so, what's Dylan scared of?*

"I'm not scared of death." *Does he hear his thoughts?* "I'm scared of life. All the suffering... We all suffer, you know, more or less.... Some people don't realize it, but we all do... And what for? There's nothing..." Dylan's head lolled to the side, too tired to even keep it straight.

"How would you do it. How would you kill yourself." The hungry words left Eric's mouth easily. No remorse, no sense of shame. Maybe he shouldn't be asking that, not now and that way, he shouldn't be thinking about that, but that was all Dylan's fault. *He* shouldn't have come here tonight.

"I could slit my wrists..."

Of course you would, baby. "How."

"In a tub," Dylan whined as if describing a dream. He traced the bandaged arm with a fingertip, keeping the eyes closed. "It would be so fucking beautiful..." he exhaled, a drowsy smile on his lips. "All that red..."

Cooling body, even paler than now, half-sunken in lukewarm red. Would he kiss him?

"You have to go lengthwise to kill yourself, you know."

"Um... yeah, I know – I mean –" He trailed off and looked at Eric with a hint of fear and something else. "Why are you... why are you –"

"Do you imagine it often?" he cut in.

"Sometimes..." he gulped, "...uhm, a lot." He leaned to the headrest again, closing his eyes. "Before I fall asleep..."

There was a spot of blood soaking through the bandage. Eric's hand sneaked towards Dylan's arm, stopping just an inch above it, and even through the bandage, he could feel the heat. His palm tingled as he was almost touching it, he wanted to rip it off, to dig *in* –

"Or how else?" he murmured instead.

"I could shoot myself..."

Eric's cock throbbed. "What kind of gun?"

"A shotgun?" It sounded like a whiny question, but he had been picturing it before, Eric was sure of it, and not once. He looked like he was having a nightmare. *Savoring* a nightmare.

"Where would you put it?"

Dylan licked his lips. "In... in my mouth."

His eyes flew open when Eric touched those lips.

"What –"

"Shh..." He pressed against them. "Open up."

He drew in a startled breath through his nose, staring at him like a deer in headlights.

“Open your mouth.” Calm voice.

This time, Dylan let the fingers slide inside the slick heat of his mouth, onto his tongue, he was trembling -

“*Suck.*”

There was a question in Dylan’s eyes, *why, why are you doing this to me*, but he started sucking, back and forth, and god he was on a verge of tears again -

“Would you suck on the barrel, too? Huh? Before pulling the trigger?”

“*Nhn...*”

“You would.” Eric leaned closer, pressing their bare thighs together, “*and then you'd blow your brains out.*”

Dylan sobbed but sucked all the more eagerly, tongue twirling around them-

Suddenly Eric pulled out, leaving Dylan panting and drooling, and seized his throat instead. Not pressing, just a promise. “How about choking yourself to death. Huh? Ever thought about that?”

“N-no...” Dylan’s Adam’s apple bobbed in Eric’s hand as he swallowed his own spit and Eric’s sweat.

“Why not.”

“How-,” another gulp, staring down at the hand holding him “- how would I even do that?”

Eric’s fingertips caressed the pumping veins. “Maybe someone could help you,” he grunted.

And then, he *squeezed*. Squeezed the throat that had been saying all those sweet words of death, that had breathed all those cries. Dylan’s mouth gaped in a breathless gasp, wheezing, his streaming eyes begging Eric... but begging for what? He could push Eric away, break his fingers, he could poke his eye out... yet he clutched the cushions instead, the tears pooling in the corners of his eyes, just born to be violated -

“You’re so beautiful,” Eric exhaled and stroked his cheek, and Dylan trembled, pressing his thighs together, his face blushing with deeper and deeper pink, hands twitching, his whole body shuddering -

Then his eyes rolled back into his head and he collapsed into Eric’s lap.

He was breathing. Just passed out.

It was Eric who couldn’t catch his breath. Dylan’s body was lying in his lap like dead Jesus in Maria’s, and when he turned him to see his face, he almost wept. He was so beautiful he could as well be dead.

Eric’s fingertip ran over one of Dylan’s soft eyelids, and a tear trickled down his temple. One small salty drop of seawater, a mere hint of the whole ocean of his pain. Eric dipped his finger in it, licked it, and his hard-on throbbed against Dylan’s side.

He crept underneath his t-shirt and clawed at his heart through his skin, scratched his protruding ribs, dag nails into his scrawny stomach, feverishly claiming every inch of Dylan's body he could reach –

Dylan's cock was tenting those innocent blue boxers, and Eric touched him - touched him for the first time -

"Nhn..." Dylan's head lolled to the side, burying itself in Eric's thigh, drooling on it.

Eric pulled his hand away.

Dylan's eyes opened just a crack. There was a moment of pure bliss in them before it turned into puzzlement as he came around. He sat up, all wobbly, clutching Eric's thigh for balance. "What... What happened..."

"You passed out."

Dylan touched his neck with shaky fingers. "Why?"

"You didn't stop me."

Dylan stared at him dumbstruck before his eyes fell onto his own lap, and probably only then he realized he was hard. He hastily moved to cross his legs, but Eric's palm landed firmly on his knee.

"So you'd let me?" he groaned into his ear.

Dylan was hypnotized by the hand crawling up his thigh. "Let..." he gulped, "...what?"

"Kill you," he purred, his thumb tickling its inner side. Goosebumps. "*Murder* you."

"Y-yes..." Dylan's eyes fluttered shut and his head dropped onto Eric's shoulder.

"Would you beg for it?"

A warm whine, a desperate nod against his skin.

Eric's fingertips grazed Dylan's bulge. "Do you want it to *hurt*?"

And Dylan moaned into Eric's ear and pressed his cock into his palm, wrapped his arms around his neck, spreading his tears all along his throat with his lips -

"*Whore*."

Eric slid inside the boxers and his other hand grabbed Dylan's chin to bring their lips together. They were soft and salty, and Dylan was all pliant and whiny, suckling on his tongue, drooling, mewling, his cock was throbbing and leaking Eric's his palm -

He was a mess, Eric had ruined him, and he had never been so proud. He broke the kiss to bite his neck, forcing pained moans out that delicious throat.

"Why..." Dylan whined and gulped, watching Eric's hand steadily pumping his swollen cock as if he couldn't believe it, "...why are you doing this?"

Eric licked the bite mark before spitting into Dylan's lap, the saliva making a string before landing on the glistening red head of Dylan's cock. "Doing what?" asked in the most innocent voice, spreading it with his thumb.

“Nhn... this...”

Eric nosed against his ear. “Should I stop?” Not waiting for the answer, he shoved him onto his back. Dylan squeaked, but when Eric grabbed the hem of his boxers to take them down, he complied and lifted his hips. Like a good boy.

He licked his lips when Dylan's swollen hard-on sprung from them. He'd never intended to suck some guy's dick, and you'd get a black eye and a split lip for even suggesting it. The idea used to be plain disgusting... until Dylan's wintertime breakdown. Seeing him broken had made him hungry, and the sight of Dylan now almost broke *him*. He was all shy tears and choked-up sobs, bitten lips and flushed cheeks. He looked like a virgin bride on a wedding night, except for a rather impressive hard-on. Eric took it by the base, lowered his head, and lapped at the precum.

Dylan whined, long and filthy, he bucked his hips and buried his hand in Eric's hair.

Here goes our shy depressed boy.

“Are you always so horny when you think about death?” Eric chuckled and took the head into his mouth, ignoring its taste, twirling his tongue around it.

“I- nhnn...”

He spat the cock out with a pop. “Answer.”

“Y-yeah...” he sobbed, and Eric smiled. He took more of him this time, started bobbing his head, and the sounds coming out of Dylan's throat were ones of complete debauchery, *so needy, so easy*, but so was he – Dylan's cock sliding over his tongue, even pressing to the back of his throat turned from invading to addictive so quickly, he palmed himself through his damp boxers and hummed around Dylan's hard-on in relief. Accidentally, he grazed him with his teeth, but it just made Dylan whine and stutter *do it a-gain – please* – such a slut for a grain of pain -

A suckling sound from above made him look up: Dylan had shoved his fingers between his lips and was sucking on them eagerly, choking on them. Eric dug his nails into Dylan's thigh to stop himself from straddling his chest and shoving his cock in there instead, from fucking his mouth -

His nails drew blood.

Dylan's noises turned into cute mewling sounds, his thighs started to tremble, and Eric couldn't be less surprised that he was already close. His fingers slid into Dylan's cleft.

“Don't- “ Dylan whimpered, trying to push his hand away -

Eric slapped his wrist, spat onto his cleft, and as he swallowed his cock again, he ran the slick fingers over his entrance, pressing against the tight muscle.

“Nhn... n-no...,” he gulped, “Eric-“

Eric chuckled with a mouthful of Dylan's cock at those *adorable* protests, and while hollowing his cheeks, sucking him properly, he pushed the forefinger in -

Dylan quivered and came with girlish moans, squeezing his finger, clutching his shoulder, filling his mouth with hot spurts, and Eric swallowed while pushing the finger further, pushing even filthier sounds out of his throat, milking him dry, and fuck he should have done that so long ago, make him his bitch -

The orgasm reduced Dylan to a mess of hitched breaths and waves of shudders, panting and slack-jawed and stupid, so when Eric spat the sperm left in his mouth on the finger breaching his ass, all he managed was a whiny hum.

Eric grabbed Dylan's thigh, hooked it over his shoulder, and having better access now, he added another finger.

"S-stop..." Dylan finally came around, groping for Eric's wrist feebly, "I don't wanna, I don't wa -"

Eric leaned against his thigh and clasped his free palm over his mouth. "Shh..."

Dylan was squirming in his shadow, that poor baby, sobbing into Eric's palm, but Eric kept breaching him and drank in the adorable embarrassment and the *please-no-stop* he read in his eyes, sliding further and further into that velvet heat with each small thrust. Dylan was crying again (or perhaps he'd never stopped, and Eric wouldn't want it any other way), but when Eric rubbed a small circle over his sweet spot, excruciatingly slow, those eyes fluttered shut and he hummed into his palm, long and whiny, he bucked his hips -

"Good boy," Eric purred and replaced his palm with a sloppy kiss.

"You're such a d-dick-," Dylan mumbled between the licks.

"I know," he grinned against his lips and kept hitting his prostate.

Dylan turned into mewls and moans and drool, he held his own legs back, and his hole was swallowing his fingers greedily -

Eric pulled them out and shoved them into Dylan's mouth instead, into the pool of saliva at the bottom, and Dylan let him fingerfuck his mouth once more, moaning and eyeing him through his wet eyelashes, total submission, a perfect whore - he couldn't wait any longer -

He pulled his own boxers down and groaned when he finally touched himself, his drool slick hand soothing his ache, the ache he'd felt since he'd watched Dylan bleed. He pressed the tip of his cock onto Dylan's hole, and he looked at him -

The corners of Dylan's mouth lifted in a small, shy smile.

He fucking *smiled*, and it wasn't because he was imagining slitting his wrists or shooting himself in the head, he seemed *almost* happy, and it stirred something in Eric, something so fucking scary he had to grip Dylan's thigh and shove his cock into him in one thrust to make the smile disappear, he groaned low, almost a growl, and Dylan yelped and sobbed - *that's right, cry for me* -

"Am I hurting you baby?" he grinned in fake concern and stroked cheek, *who's smiling now*, and Dylan nodded, eyes streaming, but then he squeezed Eric's asscheek in response, commanding him deeper, "no-not enough...more- Eric-"

Eric groaned and pulled out just to slam back in, and god it burned even *him*, how painful it had to be for Dylan, but he was fully hard again that bloody pain Slut, throbbing and crying, sobbing and leaking. Eric started fucking him hard and deep, being buried in him was divine and so was forcing those whimpers and moans out of him, violating him, no, not violating him, bringing him pleasure, *feeling him*, why did he even want to hurt him -

He shut his eyes to hush those stupid thoughts away and when he re-opened them, Dylan was fucking *licking* his cuts, somehow he'd managed to take the bandage off -

Eric tugged at his hair so sharply he yelped. “God, you’re sick, you know that?” he panted in his ear.

Dylan nodded eagerly and offered him the wrist, “Hurt – *hurt me, please* - ”, and Eric grabbed it and made a long lick across those dark red cuts that tasted like blood and disinfectant and Dylan's spit and it almost made him puke but he bit down, and it felt so good to dig his teeth in him, to break his skin, to hear his pain, to *suck* on it, Dylan was twitching around his cock, whimpering -

Eric spat some blood between his lips. “Maybe I should slit your throat, huh?” he chuckled, panting, fucking him, "but I bet that would make you come, you sick fuck - ”

A long, desperate moan from Dylan, reddened eyes fluttering shut, “yes, yes, *please*, do that - *nhn* – do it, you have a knife right – fuck-“

And with that, it struck him. It was him who was sick, who had made Dylan this way, made him moan and beg for even more pain, thirstier for his own blood, for death - Eric could have helped him, and he’d crushed him into pieces instead – Dylan suddenly looked straight at him, lips smudged with blood, and underneath the layers of fucked-out bliss and misplaced affection there was a death wish, and for the first time Eric really *saw* his hurt and suffering, he could *feel* it, he wanted to scream, he wanted to run away, his blood was on his lips, it wasn’t right - of course, it wasn’t fucking right! - he should fucking stop and help him and save him or at least run away before he’d fucking break him for good, it was all his fault, but he *couldn't* and he fucking hated himself –

“Eric – do it...,” Dylan gasped, licking his lips, “please-“ he threw his head back, exposing his neck -

Eric slapped him, just slapped that face away and pressed it into the cushion, clasp his palm over his mouth and nose, getting Dylan out of his sight and hearing, fucking him harder, and he felt him suffocating and sobbing under his palm, but then it turned into a string of muffled squeaks, his eyes rolled back into his head and he fucking came again, his untouched cock leaking a few drops of cum, his asshole was squeezing and twitching around Eric’s cock, and Eric hated him and hated himself and hated that it took him only a few more thrusts to spill deep inside him. The ecstasy darkened the world around him for a moment, but even with all his nerves tingling, he knew that the darkness would never really go away.

His palm slid away from Dylan’s face, and he collapsed onto his frantically heaving, wheezing chest.

“Why did you stop.”

He was still panting when Dylan's voice somehow found a way into Eric’s dizzy brain. “Uhm... Why...”

“I was ready.”

Stopped what? Fucking him? Or... no. No no no no no. *Fuck* no. “I’m... I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have done that - I wasn’t trying to -”

“I still am. Ready, I mean.” Dylan nudged him off and propped himself on one elbow. Through the strands of damp hair, a pair of black eyes pierced his, and there was no joy, no daze. Just darkness.

A plea. "Do it."

Eric sat up, his limbs were wobbly but the horror was getting sharper by the second. "You can't be fucking serious."

"Of course I'm *fucking* serious! Just do it, kill me - "

"Jesus, get a grip on yourself! This isn't funny!"

"Funny? *Funny?*" He shoved him. "You *promised!*"

"I didn't promise anything! I'm sorry about the stuff I said, okay? I didn't mean it! I'm not gonna – I'm *-stop it!*" Dylan got up and he was trying to punch him with his skinny arms, and it would be funny if it weren't horrifying, he got exhausted almost immediately, collapsing onto Eric's chest-

"Please - Eric, *please...*" he whined as his rage turned into begging, "please, I can't do it myself... please- " It was a madman's chant, he was everywhere, crawling over him, kissing his neck, tugging at his t-shirt, "please, *please*- choke me, just hold it a little longer -"

"Dylan. Look at me. Look at – *no – look at me!*" He grabbed Dylan by his shoulders and shook him, but when Dylan *did* look at him, the hurt in his streaming eyes burned so much Eric had to shut his - maybe it would all go away, maybe he had fallen asleep and all this was a fucking *nightmare*, but he still felt Dylan in his sweaty palms, smelled him in the air that was suddenly too cold, he heard those fucking sobs – why, just *why* did Dylan have to come here tonight? Why did they even have to meet in the first place? They could both be happily unhappy each on their own, and they wouldn't be *here* and *now*, in *this* -

"Eric..." Dylan was so close the name was a breath on his face, shaky but somewhat calm all of sudden, *how does he dare* - "...please. Do it. For me."

"You're gonna lie down," Eric growled, eyes still clenched shut, "and tomorrow we'll go... we'll find some shrink or I don't know, because this is - "

"I love you."

The words... the words sank into his chest where they started a fire. Dylan looked like one of those cemetery statues of weeping angels, Eric almost choked, he opened his mouth –

"Don't," Dylan whispered and kissed him, just a long, trembling touch of lips before he squeezed him in a painful embrace. "Nothing you could say would change it," he whispered. "Eric, I... I don't belong here."

Eric slid his hand into his hair and held him in his arms, held him tight, all bones and sobs, soothing him, but Dylan's tears kept soaking his shoulder, ' *I don't belong here* ', and Eric realized that he might not know what love is, ' *please, Eric-* ', but he knew that he couldn't watch Dylan die a slow, painful death drowning in the sea of those tears. No matter how beautiful and perfect suffering was making him, or perhaps for that very reason.

He wiped his cheek and Dylan leaned into his palm, eyes fluttering shut. A ghost of a smile almost warmed up his face, almost. He planted a kiss on that palm before taking it and placing it on his own throat.

Eric added the other one himself. Their eyes met, and their lips followed.

*

Eric rested his head on the chest of the body lying next to him, and with no heartbeats cutting the silence, time may not have existed at all.

The basement already glowed in a silver light of dawn when the waves of Eric's tears carried his consciousness away.

End Notes

This is probably the most personal thing I've ever written.

!!! LOOKING FOR A BETA !!!

I don't know you, but if you suffer from mental health issues, believe me, it's possible to feel better. Seek help. Make yourself a tea. Don't give up

music: 「 error 」 - do you love me

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